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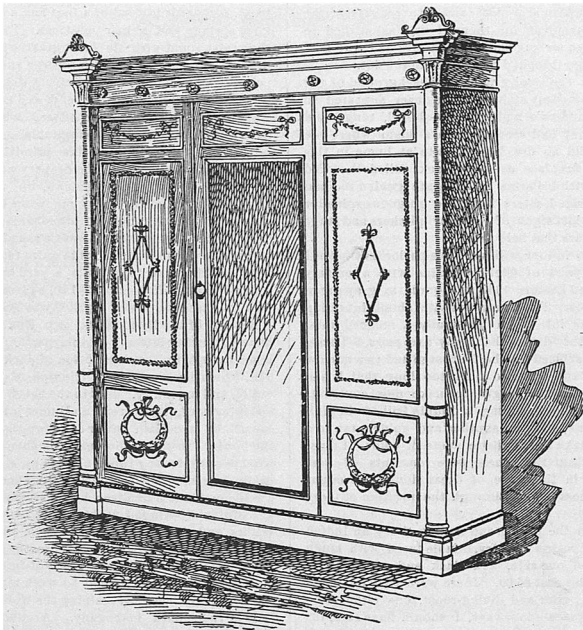
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AN EMPIRE WARDROBE.

are cream colored Holland shades, trimmed with wide linen frieze. The long curtains are a deep cream Madras with small pink and light olive green geometrical designs. Over these a length of brocaded silk, old pink ground, with golden brown flowers, is gracefully festooned. The portieres are exquisite satin plush in handsome pink.

The furniture is maple, in the Rococo style, with a few pieces in enameled pink. There are many easy, dainty chairs, most of them upholstered in satin brocade in the pink, olive green or golden brown shades, and two luxurious divans heaped with many handsome although very useful pillows.

A pretty pink table holds an artistic French tea service. The maple library table is delightfully arranged with a sewing basket, current magazines, books and papers. The quaint reading lamp is of wrought iron, with a handsome pink silk and cream colored lace shade.

A very pretty secretaire, with stool to correspond, in this graceful French style, forms a charming corner. There is also a fine china cabinet and a high, narrow bookcase filled with the volumes one loves to read beside the hearthstone.

On the tea-cloth the ribbon design is seen in pink and blue. A very handsome tapestry in several colors, daintily blended. There are also several paintings and an etching or two. On the mantel are a small, low Royal Worcester vase of fragrant violets, a clock, a few curios, a signed sketch, etc. A very luxuriant foliage plant, an aspidistra, in a silk draped jar, stands by one of the windows, which look out upon the balcony. This is one of the most attractive features of the house. It has cool-looking golden brown awnings, bamboo curtains, a large olive green rug, several reed and rattan chairs, and a table or two.

The vines, which add both shade and fragrance to this modern living room, are the Japanese honeysuckles, while at the front are long flower boxes. These contain mignonette, tea roses, heliotropes and feverfew.

All our united desires are granted.

Our room is beautifully comforting, restful and home-like, and shows character and individuality.

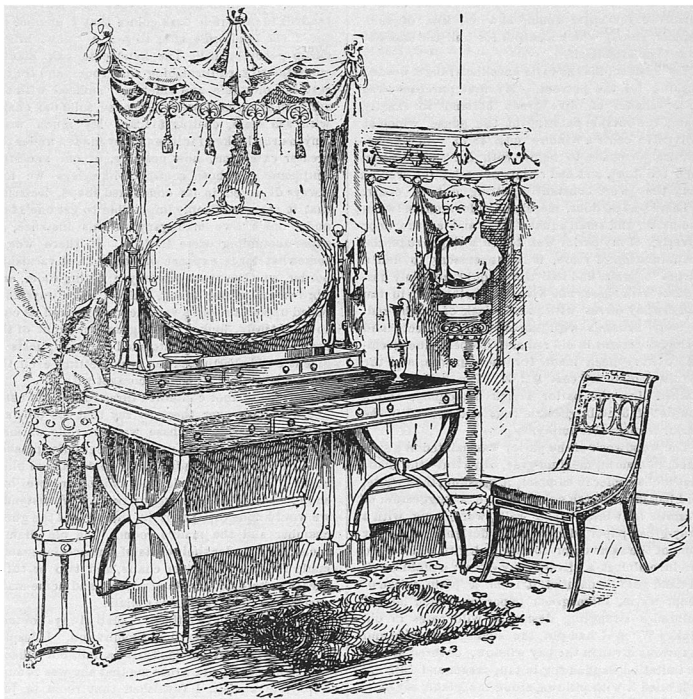
## A COUNTRY HOME.

BY ALICE CHITTENDEN.

TWO events had combined to give me the country fever.

In the first place, because it occurred first and not that it counted for much, I had listened to a spirited discussion in Sorosis as to which offered the most favorable conditions for the development of the highest and best character, a city or a country home. The celebrated speakers on both sides did little towards settling the momentous question, for as usual when one starts on false premises, much talking was done with very little result. The home *spirit* is what we must look to for the development of character; if that be true and beautiful city or country surroundings will make little difference. Still the pictures drawn of country life by certain of that august body, had revived memories of happy childhood days spent in woods and meadows and by babbling brooks, and I long to give ten year old Ted and three year old Jack the same surroundings. Poor Ted; who never could hang peacefully by his heels from the topmost branch of the highest tree in Central Park for ten seconds without hearing the hated whistle of a policeman, and being ordered to "come down and be off for a venturesome young scamp."

In the second place, Jack and I had just returned from spending a beautiful October day in one of New York's delightful suburban towns on the Sound. How appallingly prison-like looked the gray stone and Milwaukee brick flat that I had erstwhile flattered myself had so aristocratic an air! How pathetic to see was the sturdy way in which Baby Jack's chubby legs climbed four flights of stairs and then sat down for a minute with his hands on his fat knees because he was "so tired!" How distressingly stuffy the little flat looked when, once we had entered!



EMPIRE BEDROOM FURNITURE.

So long after Ted and Jack were in bed, we sat talking of a country home. Enthusiastic friends in this pretty town had urged our removal to it and proved their sincerity by house-hunting in our behalf. A charming cottage had been found, beautiful for situation, perched on a knoll overlooking the blue waters and white sails of the nearby Sound. There was a spacious garden which brought before us visions of tender green peas, crisp lettuce, rosy tomatoes and nutty celery; there were wide piazzas enshrined in honeysuckle and wisteria and best of all a huge, twin laden tree in the front yard "right foreinset the house," as Irish Nora, who had the fever as badly as the rest of us, said.

The rent was within our means; we had decided that we could even stand the extra expense of commutation and coal, but how were we to spread the meagre furnishings of seven small rooms over a ten-roomed house, for it is surprising that after having stowed ourselves away contented for years, in these same seven rooms, we now found that nothing less than ten would give us elbow room.

"I fear it can't be done, Beth," said Jack at length. "I could scarcely find a hundred dollars for furnishing and that wouldn't buy carpets."

"Oh, Jack," I gasped, "can you spare as much as that? It will cover every needed expense. At least I will take the contract."

And so we went to the country.

When, however, I entered my new home and saw my few poor belongings stood around with that regard to fitness for which country movers are remarkable—the bookcases and piano in the dining-room, the kitchen table in the parlor, the dining chairs up stairs, and the beds all in one room; I began to feel that I had never before realized the size of my contract.

When I had brought order out of chaos I found that I required shades for twenty-five full sized windows and six small ones; for curtains, I at once mentally classed those among the things one could do without; covering must be found for five bedroom floors—not seven by six rooms either; furniture for spare room, and oh, lots of incidentals, among which a carpet for hall and stairs at once presented itself.

The kitchen, thanks to its excellent range, needed nothing for the present. My first purchase was roller shades of olive green holland to exactly match the outside painting of the house, which at thirty-five cents a window cost \$3.75. An uneconomical purchase to begin with, for they were an inch too short, and had rollers of such light weight that they were constantly getting out of order.

There was no door, merely a wide arch between the parlor and small square hall; and as the floor covering of my parlor was to be antique rugs, the accumulation of years, it was necessary to find a carpet for stairs and hall that would not only harmonize with these, but with the hall paper in tan and creamy olives with just a dash of warm red. A body Brussels with tan and olive effects and Oriental designs in old red and deepest blue seemed to have been made for the purpose, and the requisite quantity cost \$11.00. The hall floor was stained like the parlor a rich mahogany, and a couple of 8x6 Daghestan rugs not needed in the parlor furnished it amply.

The woodwork of the parlor was painted in a subdued, but warm, medium-gray, olive tint—the shade that looks cooler in summer, if possible, than white, and has just enough color to give a suggestion of warmth in winter. The walls were hung with a gray-green paper with a floral design in a deeper tone of the same color so mingled with white as to produce almost a silvery gray effect; a picture rail of dead gold separated it from a plain frieze of deep, warm, olive green paper on which later I painted a straggling design of wild roses in old pink. When I had put the shabby, but wide and luxurious divan in the bay window, covered it with an imitation Bagdad rug in tan, cream and dull old red, piled it with pillows, stood the piano, my heirloom furniture (a desk and chest of drawers combined, two hundred years old, and a square mahog-

any table), four well filled sets of book shelves, a woin Turkish arm-chair and two rockers in the places convenient for them, I was astonished to see what an air my simple furniture had, and how much better it looked than when in the flat.

Against the cool gray-green background of the paper my modest etchings had never appeared so well. Grandma's andronis fire-shovel, tongs and bellows that had seemed such a sham where one could build no fire, looked quite at home in this "truly" fireplace, as Baby Jack called it. Ted came in with his arms full of late golden rod and purple fringed asters in whose gorgeous splendor one quite lost sight of the gray pitchers and mugs of stoneware that held them.

I was so in love with my little parlor that when I saw five pairs of Crete curtains with a creamy ground and Eastern looking figures in gray-green and old rose, I did not hesitate about investing \$8.00 in the lot, which was really a reduced rate, because the dealer had only five pairs. These, however, sufficed for the four large and two narrow windows, and were so much too long that I had enough from the length to make new coverings for three pillows, adding a double frill of old pink silk to one, olive to another and golden tan to a third to make the requisite spots of color. I must just mention that these were remnants of past grandeur in the shape of dress flounces brought into newness of life through the medium of ivory soap.

Between the parlor and hall we hung an Indian curtain of cotton tapestry, double faced with much old red on one side, and black and gold on the other. This cost \$6.00. There were two doors between the parlor and dining-room, one either side of the fireplace—doorways, I should have said, for doors there were none. A very old, but artistic pair of chenille portières, bought in the days when there were no wretched imitations, nicely filled these spaces.

The dining-room was hung with a paper in tapestry design; bunches of grapes and leaves and tendrils in such rich, dark colors that I at once refused the landlord's offer to put a "new, bright cheap paper on it." The handsome oak mantel went far toward furnishing this room, and for the rest my old table and sideboard sufficed with the addition of seven new, high-backed, solid oak chairs with ash seats, costing \$11.25. My much worn Smyrna rug looked far less shabby hidden under the greater extension, now possible, of our ancestral Chippendale, whose centipede-like legs we had always deplored in its condensed shape, declaring that it was practically impossible to get one's feet under one's own mahogany in this instance, so super-abounding were its legs. If there was a somewhat large expanse of stained and varnished border, why the room was only a dining-room, and a brown and white fur rug, which I had always kept rolled up and tucked away because it shed its coat so frightfully, looked quite grand in front of the fireplace. We always instructed our lady guests to give it a wide berth and to avoid letting even the hems of their robes come in contact with it.

The second floor contained three rooms and bath. Let me hasten over these to say that the only absolutely necessary purchase was two rolls of matting. This, in a creamy ground, irregularly splashed with Indian arrow heads in dull gold, red and blue, costing \$24.00. Of beds and chiffoniers we had enough for all but the spare room. Washstands, we would none of, except in the case of the guest chamber and the maid's room. The old dining-room chairs under their coats of terra cotta enamel made the best bedroom chairs, and two or three cheap rockers with coats of enamel and home-made cushions cost less than five dollars.

The spare room furniture I shall always contend was the result of a direct inspiration. I despise box furniture and I cannot drive a nail, but when a San Francisco friend wrote me that she was coming to pay me a visit, I furnished that room in just about as long as it will take to tell of it. A divan which had stood in my dining-room in the flat was

nothing more than a three by six oak bedstead with two foot boards instead of a foot and a head board, good springs and a hair mattress. To put this in the pretty room with its four great windows and make it up as a bed, with pillows and a counterpane was the work of a moment. A dry goods box of the right height stood on end and covered with another nailed upside down, offered, when draped, an ample and secure dressing-table. Two other boxes put together in a like primitive manner formed the washstand. The drapery was Japanese cretonne with a creamy ground, on which great fishes swam tortuously, sent me years ago by the very friend who was coming to see me. Four pairs of scrim curtains, very old, were washed and mended into respectability and made quite fetching with new ball fringe at four cents a yard by the piece. A pretty oak chiffonier cost \$6.00, a glass, \$2.00, and now the three-fourths of my \$100 was gone.

Readers of the DECORATOR AND FURNISHER can have no further interest in this particular country home except in the description of Jack's smoking den, which he considers a triumph of wifely devotion and ingenuity. It is in the third story, with a sloping roof, it is true, and queer jutting angles caused by a certain tower effect on the outside of the house. In the wide recess of this were three windows two feet by three, all side by side, and not unlike one wide, low window. From here one can see the majestic Fall River boats steam slowly by, graceful white-winged yachts glide over the blue waters, and elf-like cat boats dart to and fro. As we stand here and draw in great breaths of salt air, we ask each other what one wants of furniture.

On this room I determined to work my own wayward will, so I began by staining the woodwork and floor a rich, dark mahogany. Around the side walls I ran a width of tobacco brown cartridge paper for a dado, and above this a deep, dull red paper until the sloping ceiling met it, when a tinting of kalsomine in *café au lait* was used. Then dipping a sponge in liquid gilt I flocked the dull red paper with gilt spots by dashing it up against the side walls, producing a barbaric effect just suited to this room. On the floor I laid a couple of Japanese jute rugs in soft dark tones in which much dull reds mingle. On one side of the room I hung a mirror whose frame, one of veneered mahogany, was now peeled and shabby to the last degree, concealing this by a drapery of a gray-hued chintz, Oriental in design and coloring, and a fair representation considering its cost of fifteen cents of the Indian chintzes so desirable for hangings.

Madras curtains in brown and yellow hung at the window, and were so arranged as to humor the peculiarities of the masculine mind which, rightly enough, can by no means adapt itself to curtains that obscure the light.

Two coats, one in the windowed recess and another along the side-wall, were coaxed into soft lounging places with mattresses and pillows. The coverings were brown denim; for one the light side had worked with a Rococo design done in red serpentine braid fastened at the points with black ray-like stitches; for the other the brown side had white braid fastened with red stitches.

Not despising the day of small things, an old steamer chair was stained rosewood and made most inviting by curtains of golden brown corduroy adorned with appliquéd cigar ribbons. One isn't bound to criminate himself, but the corduroy used here was not all exactly of the same shade, inasmuch as it was cut from the best parts of several worn suits of Master Ted.

Here Jack keeps his typewriter and writes his letters; Baby Jack has a box of toys in one corner; Ted studies his lessons by the light of my handsome lamp of Rookwood pottery of which I robbed the parlor, because its charming golden brown glaze seemed just to fit. Gradually my work-stand too found its way here. Jack says we have lived in sky parlors so long that we cannot come down to earth.

But I declare that we have only just reached Heaven.